Tiny by BillysHardgrove

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Summary:

Things were perfect between them, except for one tiny thing - every time things started to get heated, Steve would break it off.

Tiny

Author's Note:

Ironically my longest fic yet.

Billy and Steve had been dating for at least half a year now and things were going well. Billy was still working through his anger issues, but Steve helped him, kept him grounded.

They were good together and Billy loved everything about their relationship. He loved the stolen kisses in empty classrooms and he loved the late night cuddles, sharing whispered secrets in the dark. He loved having someone to snuggle up to at night, someone who was looking out for him. Billy felt truly happy for the first time in such a long time and it was all because of Steve.

It was perfect.

Except for one tiny thing - every time things started to get heated, Steve would break it off.

Billy had been patient with him. He knew Steve had never been with a guy before and he didn't want to push him into doing things he wasn't ready for. So every time Steve had pulled away and muttered some dumb excuse to not take things further, he had taken a deep breath and backed off. He would take Steve in his arms and just hold him close.

For a while, it was fine. He could ignore his throbbing cock for Steve, but the longer it went on, the more insecure Billy got. Why didn't Steve want to have sex with him? It was something he knew he was good at and he wanted nothing more than to make him feel good. Shouldn't Steve want the same? Was he having doubts about them? About him?

The insecurities ate away at him and it was getting harder and harder to ignore them.

He was getting sick of it.

Billy was burning with a mixture of desire and frustration when they were up at the quarry one evening, making out in the backseat of the Camaro.

He had pulled Steve in his lap and what started as a slow, unhurried kiss quickly became heated when Billy pressed forward, licking into Steve's mouth with purpose. A feverish need took a hold of him, he felt hot with desire and was rapidly growing hard in his jeans.

He wanted *more.*

Billy groaned into his boyfriend's mouth and dipped his fingers under his shirt. He let his hands roam over the warm skin of Steve's back, dragging his nails a bit as he moved lower and lower. Billy felt the other boy shudder in his arms, humming in the back of his throat and he knew Steve was into it. He had to be. But when his exploring fingers reached the waistband of his jeans, Steve started sputtering against his lips once again.

'Unf, Billy- Not here,' he murmured. 'People could see.' Steve pulled away. He fixed Billy with a serious look, but his eyes were dark and his breathing laboured.

'Come on, Steve…' Billy growled, he knew he sounded whiny, needy, but fuck it, he was. He latched onto Steve's neck, sucking marks into his milky skin and working his way up. 'Pretty please…' It sounded sweet, but he rolled his hips up to show his intent. His cock was a hard line against Steve's ass, causing him to whimper softly.

When he captured his lips again, Billy felt Steve smile against his lips and he knew he had won.

'O- Mm… Fuck, Billy- okay!' Steve chuckled when Billy kept interrupting him with needy kisses. He indulged him for a bit before pulling away and giving him a shy look. 'Can I- can I touch you?' He sounded unsure and was blushing slightly as he ground down on Billy experimentally.

It was downright adorable.

And so fucking hot.

Billy smiled and ran a gentle hand through Steve's hair.

'Go ahead, pretty boy.'

Steve's long fingers were careful when they took Billy's cock out. He wrapped his hand around the base and looked up at Billy, who nodded reassuringly.

'Just start moving, babe. It's just like touching your own dick.' Billy said it to make Steve feel more at ease, but the older boy just grimaced, looking even more uncomfortable. He frowned, but before he could think about it too much, Steve pressed their lips together and started moving his hand. His fingers were uncertain at first, but under Billy's encouragements and soft moans, they grew more confident.

It was far from the best handjob Billy had ever gotten, Steve's strokes were sloppy and his grip alternately too tight or not tight enough. But Billy had been craving this intimacy with Steve for months now, so it was more than enough. It wasn't long before Billy came, grunting into Steve's neck as he spilt over his fingers and bucked into the touch.

He held him close for a few moments, catching his breath before he looked up at Steve with a dopey grin and pulled him into a loving kiss.

He was about to return the favour when headlights appeared around the corner of the winding road. Steve jumped at the beam of light and in an instant, he was off of Billy and crawling back into the passenger seat.

Billy blinked in surprise and chuckled at Steve's jumpiness. He was about to make a joke when he caught his boyfriend's face in the rear-view mirror.

Was that… relief? Billy's stomach dropped.

Fuck.

Had Steve not wanted this? Had he pushed him into this?

Guilt and doubt washed over him and he bit his lip, waiting for the car to pass them before he climbed back behind the wheel.

‘Do you want me to give you a hand?’ He offered, trying for his usual smirk, but it came out awkward.

‘Oh. Ehm… No, that’s fine. You don’t have to.’ Steve glanced up at him briefly before averting his gaze. He looked so fucking nervous, it made Billy sick to his stomach. ‘People might see us here,’ he repeated the lame excuse from earlier and stared pointedly out of the window.

‘You sure?’ Billy grimaced when Steve hummed in response, his whole body turned away from him. Billy’s gaze dropped to his crotch, searching for the outline of his cock straining against his jeans, but he couldn’t find any signs of arousal.

He wasn’t even hard.

The drive home was awkward as hell, the tension heavy between them, even with the loud music filling up the silence.

When he pulled up at the Harrington house, Billy half-heartedly offered again, but he wasn’t surprised when Steve declined.

‘Thank you for tonight though,’ Steve smiled at him. ‘I had fun!’ It sounded genuine enough, but Billy could only nod, feeling like the biggest asshole ever as he watched his boyfriend disappear into the house.

As much as Billy felt bad about it, it became part of their routine.

Steve would still pull away every time things got heated, but sometimes he offered to jerk Billy off. He even gave him a blow job once.

Steve had assured him every time that he wanted to do it and the way he smiled softly at Billy after he had made him come convinced the younger boy that that was actually true, but he would never let Billy return the favour. As far as Billy could tell, he never even got

hard.

He knew there were plenty of logical explanations for why that might be. Maybe it was nerves? Maybe it was a medical thing? Hell, Steve could be asexual for all he knew. Billy knew he had slept with Nancy, but it had been almost three years since they broke up and a lot could change in that time.

It was putting a strain on their relationship and he knew they really ought to have a conversation about it, but Billy was too scared to bring it up. Absolutely terrified that *he* was the problem.

Steve had told him time and time again that he had forgiven him, but had he really? Was he second guessing their relationship?

Did he not like guys after all?

Did he not like *him*?

His insecurities were driving Billy insane. He could feel them simmer beneath the surface and he knew it was only a matter of time before they would boil over and burst out of him.

It happened on a Saturday afternoon. They were making out on Steve's bed after they spent the day lazing around the empty house.

Billy had Steve pinned underneath him and God, he was horny. He was getting tired of jacking off in Steve's bathroom or making do with a sloppy handjob. He wanted more. He wanted to make his boyfriend feel good, show him how beautiful he was, how much he loved him. The want burned through his veins and Billy couldn't help himself when the kiss turned more aggressive.

He ground his hips down into Steve, his erection obvious as it pressed heavy against Steve's thigh.

Immediately Steve tensed up and started to pull away from him, his hand flying up to Billy's chest in an attempt to push him away.

'Mm, Billy-' Steve said before he was cut off by Billy's lips on his. He let the kiss continue for a bit, before pushing against his chest again. 'Stop it,' Steve chuckled at Billy's impatience, but he was visibly

nervous. ‘I’m hungry. Let’s order a pizza.’

Billy groaned and lowered his head against Steve’s shoulder, breathing heavily.

‘Fuck, Steve, I don’t want no fucking pizza, okay?’ He knew the words were too harsh when he felt Steve wince, but fuck it, he was frustrated.

‘Oh. Ehm…’ Steve said sheepishly, shifting uncomfortably underneath him. ‘You want me to jerk you off?’

‘No! Fuck- Steve, I want…’ Billy sighed, taking a deep breath before continuing in a more quiet voice. ‘I wanna make *you* feel good.’ He reinforced his words by pressing soft kisses into Steve’s neck.

‘That’s fine, baby, I don’t need you to- Oooh…’ Steve cut himself off with a moan when Billy ground their hips together. He bit his lips, cheeks reddening when his boyfriend gave him a knowing look.

‘Yes you do, pretty boy. What’s the matter?’ Billy said softly, unsure if he was doing the right thing. He made his way up Steve’s pale neck, nipping at his jaw.

‘Billy… please.’ It came out a whisper and his hand came up to stroke Billy’s bicep softly.

‘No Steve, what is it?’ Billy pushed himself up on his elbows, trying to catch Steve’s gaze. When he wouldn’t meet his eyes, his irritation grew again. ‘Why don’t you want to have sex with me? You decided that you don’t like dick after all?’

‘Billy, no, that’s not it.’ Steve replied weakly, avoiding Billy’s burning gaze. God knows he was very much into guys, he had been so turned on just moments ago. His cock rock-hard and throbbing in his jeans just from making out with Billy, but he just…

He didn’t know how to tell him.

Billy grunted, waiting for Steve to continue. When he didn’t, a burst of pent-up agitation coursed through his veins and he had to suppress the urge to punch something. Restless, he pushed himself off of the

bed.

‘Okay, you just don’t like me then? It that it? You realised you made a huge mistake and now you don’t know how to get rid of your fuck-up of a boyfriend.’ Billy knew he was being irrational, but he couldn’t hold it back anymore.

Fuck, he needed to breathe. He was halfway across the room when Steve stopped him.

‘Billy, wait!’ Steve scrambled up on his knees, one hand awkwardly reaching out. ‘Please, it’s not… It’s nothing to do with you.’ Desperation laced his voice as he watched Billy freeze and turn around slowly, looking back at him expectantly. Steve could tell that he was keyed up and ready to walk out. He felt like crying. How did he manage to fuck up this badly?

He didn’t know what to say. He dropped his hand back in his lap and lowered his gaze as shame curled into his gut. He knew he had to tell him at some point, but he was terrified of Billy’s reaction. He didn’t know if he could take his boyfriend mocking him, belittling him like everyone else had always done.

‘It’s embarrassing, okay?’ Steve muttered and fidgeted with his hands.

Billy scoffed, but he was taken aback when Steve looked up at him. His eyes were wide and pleading and he looked nervous. Scared? Shit, was he scared of him? At once, he felt the frustration drain out of him, replaced by guilt and concern.

They needed to talk.

Billy took a deep breath and approached Steve carefully, still on guard as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

He didn’t know what to do, how to make it better. He clenched his fist as he ignored the impulse to put his hand on Steve’s knee. He didn’t know if that would be too much, too soft, so he sighed and looked up at Steve, who was staring at his hands.

‘Tell me?’ Billy hated how small his voice sounded.

‘Promise you won’t laugh?’

Billy furrowed his brows but nodded as he waited for Steve to speak.

Steve let out a shaky breath and his hands started to fumble with his belt. He opened his jeans and decided to just bite the bullet, pushing them down over his hips together with his boxers in one swift motion. He screwed his eyes shut and turned his head away, he couldn’t bear to see Billy’s reaction. He wasn’t hard anymore and he knew what he looked like, knew he looked pathetic.

Billy’s eyes went wide when he saw Steve’s cock hanging limply between his legs. Steve was… small. Tiny in fact. His dick didn’t even reach halfway down his balls and it looked like a fat little worm, curled up between a mass of dark hair. It was fucking *gorgeous*. Billy felt almost hysteric when he realised this had been Steve’s problem. He couldn’t hold back the high-pitched strangled noise that bubbled up in his throat as relief and arousal washed over him.

Steve winced at the sound. It was like a slap in his face. It was exactly the reaction he had expected, but that didn’t make it hurt any less. His face was burning and he was visibly shaking, crushed by Billy’s laughter.

‘Yeah yeah yeah, laugh it up, asshole.’ Steve bit out angrily, blinking back tears.

It was fucking humiliating, sitting in front of Billy, exposed and vulnerable, while the other boy didn’t even *try* to hide his glee. He moved to tuck himself away when a strong hand grabbed his wrist and stopped him.

‘Baby, don’t.’ Billy went for light-hearted, but his voice was husky with lust and the words came out like a demand. He couldn’t take his eyes off of it, off of Steve’s pretty little dick.

Steve balled his hands into a fist and clenched his jaw. He was about to shove Billy away and run when he caught the look in his eyes. He was staring at his dick, but there was no amusement in his gaze. His pupils were blown wide and Steve watched his tongue dart out to wet his lips.

He looked *hungry*.

‘Fuck, Steve,’ Billy moaned. His own cock was chubbing up again and he was itching to get his hands on this beautiful little toy. His eyes flicked up briefly to meet Steve’s gaze before he pounced.

Before Steve knew what was happening, his legs were swiped from underneath him and he was pushed down on his back. Billy quickly tugged off his jeans, discarding them together with his boxers. Instinctively, his hand shooting up to cover his crotch, but Billy swatted it away with a growl as he settled down between his legs.

‘This is why you didn’t want to sleep with me?’ Billy stroked Steve’s thighs, eyeing his tiny dick hungrily, but restraining himself from touching.

‘Fuck off,’ Steve muttered, turning his head away in shame. Tears were still threatening to fall, but he blinked them away furiously, refusing to be that pathetic as he waited for the punchline, waited for Billy to make fun of him.

But he didn’t.

‘It’s perfect,’ Billy said instead. ‘You’re so fucking perfect.’ He pressed the words into his skin, kissing up his thighs.

Steve scoffed at the words, but his cock stirred when he felt Billy’s stubble rub against the sensitive skin. He whimpered involuntarily.

‘Hey babe,’ Billy said sweetly. ‘Look at me.’

When Steve refused, Billy licked a wet stripe up his inner thigh, nipping and kissing at the milky skin, until he felt his boyfriend relax a bit under his touch. He splayed his hands over Steve’s hips, his thumbs pressing dangerously close to his balls, rubbing ever so slightly.

It had an immediate effect on Steve, who shuddered violently, biting his lip to hold back a moan.

‘Awh, baby…’ Billy chuckled affectionately at Steve’s reaction. ‘How long has it been since someone touched you?’

Steve huffed, but turned his head to look at Billy. He searched his eyes for any sign that he was mocking him, but he found none. He was still scared that this was a trick somehow, but he was aching for Billy's touch, craving the attention. So he answered honestly, his voice shaking.

'Three years.'

'Fuck, really?' Billy's eyes widened in disbelief. 'Wheeler?' He asked and grinned when Steve nodded meekly. 'Well, don't worry, pretty boy, I'm gonna give your pretty little dick all the attention it deserves.'

He looked at Steve like he was something special, like his small dick *made* him special, and Steve's chest flushed under his gaze. He whimpered when Billy resumed his touches, kissing every inch of Steve's thighs and massaging his groin while carefully avoiding his cock.

'I'm gonna make you feel so good.' Billy's voice was low, hoarse and full of promise.

Steve was slowly losing his mind, desperate for more. His whole body was on fire, every nerve-ending responding to Billy's touches. He was achingly hard, his tiny dick standing fully upright, precum beading at the head. His hips bucked up, starved for some friction, but Billy's hands pinned him down forcefully. Steve whined and strained against his hold, until finally, Billy turned his attention to his cock.

'Mmm, such a cute little thing.' He rubbed the head of Steve's cock with his pinky, making his boyfriend squirm as he smeared the precum.

'And all excited for me.' Billy kissed the tip, his lips barely touching while Steve keened. 'So fucking pretty.' He muttered the last words almost reverently before diving down and swallowing Steve whole.

Steve screamed in pleasure when he was suddenly enveloped in Billy's wet heat. His hands flew up to grab Billy's hair and his back arched off the mattress. Billy's tongue pressed hot against his entire length, rolling against his shaft. The sensation was overwhelming. It

had been ages since someone had sucked him off, but he can't remember it ever being this intense.

Billy took Steve's balls in one hand and rolled them through his fingers while he came up to suck hard on his head. He looked up through his lashes, completely in awe of his boyfriend. Steve's chest was covered in a slight sheen of sweat, heaving under the constant stream of breathless moans. Lean muscles were straining under his flushed skin.

He looked absolutely beautiful, but it was his face that Billy couldn't get enough of. His eyes were screwed shut and his jaw slack, the rest of his features all scrunched up in bliss. Billy didn't take his eyes off him as he sank down again, taking all of Steve's little dick into his mouth easily.

Steve was babbling when his cock hit the roof of Billy's mouth, a string of moans and pleas and utter nonsense fell from his lips. He curled his toes into the mattress, writhing underneath Billy as his tongue worked him over.

It felt so fucking good. Steve didn't want it to end, but it didn't take much to get him to the edge. It had been too long and the pleasure was too much.

Billy felt Steve's balls tighten in his hand and his fingers scraping over his scalp. He sucked him down completely and swallowed around his length. Steve's moans became louder and louder until he broke out into a cry of Billy's name and he was spilling into his mouth.

It was breath-taking, the way Steve's orgasm ripped through him. Billy watched how his whole body shuddered, tensing up as waves of pleasure rolled over him. Billy swallowed every spurt of cum that he gave him, sucking lightly on the head until Steve was completely spent, falling back limply against the pillows.

He pulled off with a wet sound, groaning at the sight of Steve's tiny cock, red and glistening with spit. Billy couldn't believe it was all his.

He pressed soft kisses over the marks he left on Steve's thighs, his

tongue licking over the bruises until Steve whimpered, opening his eyes. He looked completely fucked out and barely present, still breathing heavily as his eyes locked with Billy's.

'Fuck, that was…' Steve's fingers curled into Billy's hair and pushed it out of his face.

Billy grinned up at his boyfriend. 'Yeah?' He crawled up to Steve's face, lying down on top of him.

Steve hummed in affirmation.

'I can't believe you held out on me for six months.' Billy said teasingly.

'So you… You don't mind?' Steve said, lowering his gaze, suddenly insecure again.

'Steve, your cock is so pretty.' Billy planted a wet kiss on Steve's cheek. 'And so cute.' He kissed the other cheek. 'And so fucking perfect.' Billy kissed the tip of Steve's nose, smiling when he saw the corners of Steve's mouth tug upwards.

'Just like you,' Billy finished and pecked him on the lips.

Steve smiled shyly before wrapping his hands around Billy's neck and pulling him close. He captured Billy's lips, both boys smiling like idiots into the kiss.

'So… you mentioned something about ordering pizza?' Billy asked, ignoring his own throbbing cock in favour of seeing Steve laugh.

He watched his boyfriend scrambled off the bed, his beautiful tiny dick bobbing between his legs, and for the millionth time since they started dating, he wondered what he ever did right to deserve Steve Harrington.

Author's Note:

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